

Don't you worry- Httyd One shots

by thatdragonchic

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Summary: I'm trying the whole 100 one shots thing for my favorite movie: How To Train Your Dragon! This surrounds the gang, mainly Hiccup and Astrid, and their lives as older and more mature people. Mainly between 17-19. Challenges and adventure in the coming one shots! Enjoooy! {Rated T for safety. rating may be changed.}

1. Chapter 1

_First one shot! This one is a bit touching and was inspired by one similar but aimed towards Astrid and the plot was different. Not exactly my best but I really like this idea and it was kind of hard to formulate into words. Any who, here is One shot number one**
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****Memory ****

Hiccup focused on the target, poising his bow and readying his arrow. He stared ahead, focusing too hard, unable to release and when he did, the arrow fell off target. He sighed. His lack of focus on his training lately was incredible.

"Whats troubling you son?" The voice of his great grandfather spoke up from beside him, the man kneeling next to Hiccup. His soft grey eyes watching the boy, odly similar to him.

"Nothing Pops." He replied softly. Hiccup had great resemblance to the man, except for his green eyes whom he got from his dads. The dulled green similar to the vivid ones to his dad were nothing compared to that he had of his great grandfather. The man Hiccup had taken as a role model. Hiccup's posture, his voice, the way he talks, the way he walks, even his fighting stance was one that easily resembled Vals grandfather. Some believed it was like a morphed embodiment of the man, to remind them of who is keeping the world right and that it will not die there.

"That's not true. Other wise your aim wouldn't be so off. Now tell me, what troubles you?" Darell Cristien Voiturain replied as he watched his great grandson softly, glancing at his leg quickly. The poor lad had been through much, if only he could've been around to help.

"It's just a lot to take in. Too much shoved at me, not too much of me to take it. I feel so helpless and it's so easy to act like nothing is wrong only to go home on a deathrow. You know?" Hiccups confession was like a lift off his chest, something he hadn't done in too long. "And why is Astrid suddenly interested? It boggles my mind why she has."

"Who said it was sudden?"

"She never showed interest before."

"Because she didn't know how to." The man stood up and held out a hand to his great grandson. He was so proud of his young warrior. The man he was becoming, was a man anyone would be lucky to know. A great war leader like himself possibly and maybe he would go and do the change of good. Darell always saw more than potential in the lad, so much power he could bestow and use for the better.

Hiccup stood up and looked the man in the eyes. The scar he'd earned in his last battle that ran over his eye last battle? Last battle? He survived hadn't he? Of course he had. He was going off to fight another battle, leading it as always, to stop the unnecessary fighting next week. Right? Hiccup felt tears well into his eyes as he suddenly hugged his great grandfather. "Pops what do I do? I'm scared" he whispered, voice cracking and tears now obvious.

"Follow your heart and keep fighting for what you believe in. Hiccup, when have you ever been afraid? Of anything? It's not like you to suddenly be afraid." That was true though, Hiccup rarely feared anything. There wasn't much he had to fear. "There is nothing you can be afraid of."

"What if they don't accept me? What if I really am a screw up? Pops, I'm scared that it'll all fall apart on me." He was crying. He felt like a child again. It's the first time in years that Hiccup could remember crying.

"And why are you scared of that? You have lovely friends outside berk, and if those who claim to be your friends inside berk, are fools to not stay beside you. If you're afraid of the world you now know of falling on you, then you've made of yourself a fool." His grandfather rubbed his back calmly, loosening the tight muscles that have been straining for rest for too long but did not get enough of it. "Have you been sleeping?"

"Not really.."

"Just like your grandfather and uncle Donny."

"Just like you Pops," Hiccup retorted laughing a bit, eyes still glossy.

"You're skinnier," His great grandfather pointed out as Hiccup let go

of him and leaned against a thick tree in the large woods. He looked up at the canopy of leaves, light leaking through the green. They seemed to outline his tear stricken face. "How are you handling your anorexia?" the boy has been anorexic since he was 13, and he'd gotten better but now he was 15 and it was bad again. That was too obvious. He was getting _skinnier. _

"Alrightâ€|" He has hardly eaten in the past month.

"Pleaseâ€| take care of yourself." His great grandfather looked at him with pleading eyes. "They can't afford to lose to you too. I hope you know I'm so proud of who you've become Hiccup." _Lose me too. Last battle. That scar, his soft voice. The one that was too soft and too faded. _

Hiccup shot up, wide awake with warm tears streaming down his face. He wasn't in the woods with his great grandfather. He was in his room. He was in berk. He was still 17 and his Pops was still dead. _Dead. He died after that battle. _Hiccup let out a small sob, not hearing the voices downstairs. _Take care of yourself, they can't afford to lose you too. _His grandparents, great grandmother, his aunts and uncles and cousins and friendsâ€| what would they do without somebody who has been the largest of support to them all? Hiccup curled up under the blankets, green eyes clenched shut, body shaking as he gasped for air before coughing a sob out.

The door opened, but Hiccup didn't hear. He hugged his knee's close, hand tracing over the metal prosthetic. _Prosthetic. _He was missing a foot. He was even more useless wasn't he? That earned another sob from him. _I hope you know I'm so proud of who you've become Hiccup. _Then he was here with him? Those times his pops told him the more you remember the dead, the more they'll remember you. His great grandfather remembered him, and was watching him.

"Hiccup?" Astrid asked, putting a hand on his shoulder. "Are you okay?" He shook his head sobbing. _It was all a dream. Justâ€| a dream. A memory of somebody long gone. And somebody Hiccup badly wanted, __**needed __**__back.__

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_There it is! What'd you guys think? I actually would like to imagine these take place around after-puberty Hiccup, that way is more matured and he has more experiences and stuff. That and I think it would be nice to kind of experiment with this new Hiccup who I think is not much different. So yeaah thats about it. Hope y'all liked it. Updating soon. ~Ammy _

2. Chapter 2

_Ferdoos- Here is one of the three updates I promised! I think I'm free tomorrow... so more to come! :D _

Astrid has noticed a lot of things about Hiccup. Things nobody else bothered to notice, nobody else truly saw. But Astrid noticed. Oh yes she noticed.

She noticed the tattoo cuff he on his left arm that nobody else see's because of his long sleeved shirts. She noticed how he didn't like to

explain why he had it or when he'd got it. Astrid noticed the several piercings he'd seemed to always have, especially the one in his ear he seemed particularly fond of.

Astrid noticed how much he liked to drink sometimes, even if it wasn't much he still liked the taste of certain alcohol. That was another thing, he never drank _too much _alcohol, it was always just enough. He was strictly against getting himself drunk. And Astrid seemed to adore that, how he was dedicated to not making a fool of himself or ruining himself. It was good to know she could trust the least likely chance he'll just show up one day in a drunken fit, like her father had done many times before. But that was in his viking demeanor. Hiccup wasn't that, she knew.

Yes, Hiccup wasn't a viking. He wasâ€¦ more than that. Like any _guy, _he strived for the dominant male position and he could very well, and very easily earn it. But Hiccup was very gentleman like and Astrid noticed he doesn't hold her back from what she wants to do. He doesn't expect her to be a perfect house wife or restrict her from doing things like some of her various other boyfriends. She noticed he ever really took control of her duringâ€¦ certain _activities_.

But Astrid noticed something, very, very important about him. Hiccup was an observer and he believed the most other worldly things. He observed animals, and spoke to them. He drew tree's and relaxed against them, relishing in what comfort they gave him. He said the natural world is one of wonders. He would jump off the cliff of a waterfall and say it was a god given right to be able to enjoy such a guilty pleasure as the springs rushing waters. And she noticed he loved everyone and everything and people loved him. He helped people and people loved him. Astrid noticed, yes Astrid noticed, Hiccup was somebody worth being noticed.

**Not my best ending but I really liked the idea of this. I dunno, I just thought it was an idea and I got it down. These one shots are really just idea's I have. And you will probably get more than a hundred considering how many idea's I have. thats it for today. Update tomorrow! Night**

3. Chapter 3

**Ferdoos- Hey oh bro! Here is update two of three! I know... I know... I'll update cough syrup after I start and finish my school assignment. 3 Thanks for reviewing y'all! ~Ammy **

California. It was the state made for fame and fortune and high school popularity. Me? I'm the school outcast, I've always been and I always will be. Who am I? I'm Astrid Hofferson, the concentrates-too-hard-on-MMA-and-School type of girl who nobody likes but that changed, rather quickly too. It all started on my first day at Berk High in Burgess County.

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I walked onto school grounds, a battlefield of fighting and yelling and gossip between friends. And that's when I bumped into Ruffnut Thornston. She knew everything about everyone, even if her friends were a lower class.

"I'm so sorry!" I said, afraid she'd attack me or something.

"Don't worry. You new here?"

"Uh yeahâ€|"

JUST PAUSE A SEC

This was my awkward beginning with my new best friend. She told me everything about everyone. It went kind of like this:

"That over there is Carla, she's a weirdo. Those kids over there, are the art geeks. Math geeks over there. And them? They're the plastics. Popular and beautiful girls who control the entire school. The head being Melinda Cortense. She gets everything she wants, even her respectable and very popular Junior boyfriend. Hes four months older than her and has more respect than she ever will. "

"Who's her boyfriend?" I asked in reply to Ruffs rundown.

"Do you have math first period?"

"Yeah why?"

"He's in our math class. His name is Hayton Haddock," Ruff said nonchalant. "I should warn you, he's hot as hell and he'll probably end up helping you like he does most new students. Don't die."

"Is heâ€| nice?"

"The nicest."

"He's popular too?"

"The most popular actually."

And that's how it began. I went to the office where, the one and only Hatyon Haddock was assigned to assist me.

"Well hiya Astrid, I'm Hayton." He smiled and flicked his beautiful brown hair out of his wonderous green eyes.

"Uhâ€| Ha-ha-Hi," I replied quietly, blush lightly coating my cheeks as I looked down, gripping my back pack. He chuckled at me, and I blushed deeper. I was making a fool of myself and I couldn't stop it.

"C'mon, your locker isn't too far from here. I'll explain school rules and stuff on the way there." He said grabbing my hand and leading me to my locker. Yes, he _grabbed my hand. _As in my hand in his. His hand in mine. It was wonderful and perfect. Who wouldn't feel special when the most popular boy in school was holding their hand? Butâ€| what about melinda? Weren't they dating.

"Okay, this is your locker, and here is your code and I think this is your fully updated schedule. I'll be down the hall, I'll be back in five minutes, _please _do not wander off!" He demanded as he walked to where ever he was going. Probably the bathroom because when he came back, he seemed to be zipping up his pants before being attacked

by his girlfriend. Right. Next. To. My. Locker. Ugh. He had her against the lockers, his lips pressed to hers, as the two were engaged in a seductive and powerful kiss. It was gross, really, really gross.

Didn't Ruff say he was innocent? I cleared my throat as they looked up and the red headed beauty queen rolled her eyes. "Excuse me loser, but if you don't like this, go away."

"I'm escorting her."

"Ohâ€¦" She looked at me thoughtful for a second. "I'm Melinda. If you're a friend of Hayton's then you're a friend of mine. Besides, with a little work, you could look almost as beautiful as I do." Well that was a sudden change of pace. One second I'm a loser, the next I'm her friend. I couldn't do anything but accept her offer, becauseâ€¦ wellâ€¦ who wouldn't take that kind of opportunity?

"Uhm, thank you?"

"Your welcome. Listen babe, I'll bring her to class, I want to talk with her in the bathroom," She said to Hayton before pressing another heated kiss to his lips.

"Mel-" He began sketpically.

"I'll be good. I promise." She blew a kiss and dragged me to the bathroom. What did she mean but _She'll be good? _I looked back at Hayton and he gave me sympathetic look.

And that's when I had a sweet chat with Melinda and ended up at her house with her friends after school, or thirty minutes after school.

"So waitâ€¦ if Melinda is driving us to her house, where is she? I told my parent's I'd be home by six," I asked Darline, the brunette and smarter one of the group of plastics.

"Probably in a closet or something with Hayton," She answered smearing lipstick on her puckered lips. A closet? What were they doing in a closet?

"You don't get it do you?" Christie asked, answering to my look of confusion. She may not be the best academically, but she knew things. Blonde's aren't completely stupid, especially not me.

"Uhâ€¦ not really. Sorry," I looked down blushing.

"Never mind. Melinda wouldn't be happy if we said something and she found out," Darline said as she leaned on the counter texting. I nodded and waited. This was definitely strange, but this was how it began and before I knew it, they were turning me into a plastic.

4. Chapter 4

**best Idea I've had for these in a long... long while. What'd you think? Good? Bad? Eh? Song fic, Young and Beautiful by Lana Del Rey. **

Young and Beautiful

_I've seen the world, _

_Done it all, _

_Had my cake now. _

Astrid leaned into Hiccups side, holding him close. Their few years of marriage have been full of traveling and adventure. They've been from place to place to place. They've met kings and queens, befriended dukes and countesses, they've helped the poor and needy.

_Diamonds, _

_Brilliance, _

_And bel air now. _

Hiccup had taken her to the most spectacular balls and weddings. Even their own was one that couldn't be forgotten, filled with the cunning wit and mischief and brilliance that was her husband. The diamond ring on her finger still made her smile like a fool. How had he gotten the jewels in the first place? She wasn't sure but however he had, he had crafted them into the ring perfectly.

Hot summer nights

Mid- july

When you and I were forever one

Astrid could remember the sweet and sanctuary night that was their first time. Three nights after their wedding, they were in Venice Italy. It was beautiful thereâ€¦ she wished to visit again. He always knew how to make things romantically perfect.

_The crazy days, _

City lights

_They way you'd play with my like a child! _

Hiccup loved the ocean, he taught her how to love the ocean. He'd always splash her and hug her and mess around with her like a young child. He'd often sing her sweet lullaby's to sleep and hold her close. But she often wondered how long it would last. Would Hiccup really love her forever? Or was this just temporary?

_Will you still love me when I'm no longer _

_young and beautiful? _

Will you still love me when I've got nothing

But my aching soul?

_I know you willâ€¦ _

I know you willâ€|

I know that you willâ€|

Astrid gripped Hiccups shirt as wind breezed in from the cool russian nights air. His maternal grandparents house was more of a villa all in itself, so large and wide and cool. It was lovely staying here. Made her feel like a princess.

Astrids eyes slowly rose up to Hiccups sleeping form, it was one in the morning after all. The clock on the wall said so. He often told her that he would love her forever, followed by a sweet kiss. Astrid loved to believe it, but the back of her mind like to pull and tug on it with doubt.

_Will you still love meâ€| when I'm no longer beautiful? _

Of course Hiccup would still love her when she was old and wrinkly and in a rocking chair. Wouldn't he? He said he'd love her to the end of timeâ€| but was that just a lie? No, of course he loved her. He would never lie to her. Butâ€| that was such an unpredictable subjectâ€| and he could fall out of love with her any day. Couldn't he?

I've seen the world

_Lit it up _

_As my stage now. _

Channeling, angels in

The new age now.

Her eyes traced the features that made up his face, hand tracing his skin lightly. Why did he always sleep without a shirt on? Doesn't he get cold? Then againâ€| he was always warm. Warm heartedâ€| Warm bodiedâ€| warm all around. It was just who Hiccup was. She watched as he'd changed generation after generation even the ones before those younger generations or their generation. He made them believe that dragons weren't bad, they were good. Like kittens with yarn. But she'd also watched him change. He'd gone from the original norse religion to a dedacated christian.

Hot summer days,

Rock n Roll

The way you'd play for me at your show.

Hiccup grumbled a bit, her movement and thoughts halting as she flicked her eyes up to him, hoping he was still asleep. Her eyes were brimmed with tears. The thoughts and memories were overwhelming her completely, a feeling of loss somewhere inside; As if he wasn't there anymore. But he was. Just like he always was, whether it be at the family bonfires they'd have nightly here at the estate and he'd sing to her or it be at the shows he and Toothless would put on for the young children of the city.

And all the ways

I've got to know

That pretty face and electric soul

Astrids fear calmed as she realized he was still asleep, she didn't want him to see her near tears, especially for such a silly reason. This was an insecurity that made her feel childish and silly. She remembered how insecure he was when they first started seeing each other. He didn't trust her muchâ€¦ they were more distant, much more distant than they were now. She always yearned to know the one boy she'd always found handsome and attractive. She knew there was more to him than weak and pathetic, she was just afraid to show it before hand.

Will you still love me when I'm no longer

_Young and Beautiful? _

Will you still love me when I've got nothing

_But my aching soul? _

I know you willâ€¦

_I know you willâ€¦ _

I know that you willâ€¦

Will you still love me when I'm no longerâ€¦

_Beautiful? _

Astrid turned onto her side, away from Hiccup and sobbed into the blanket. There were many girls prettier than her. Why her? She was just an only choice thing wasn't she? He was just too good to any person that crossed his path. Mercy was his thing, love and compassion was his strength, she knew it, he did too. He knew how to use it as well. Astrid sobbed a bit more, clutching the blanket.

"Ah-Astrid?" Hiccup asked groggily, slowly waking up. She choked on a sob and ended up coughing between sobs of doubt and regret and built up pain. Hiccup was fully awake now, she knew fully well when he pulled her into his strong and reassuring arms. "Astrid whats wrong love?" _Love. _

Dear Lord when I get to heaven

Please let me bring my man

_When he comes _

Tell me that you'll let him in

_Oh father tell me if you can! _

Astrid couldn't ask for a better husband. At this point she didn't care if he loved her or not. She didn't care if he was only pretending for her, she wanted to stay there in his arms. He was

never bad to her, always the best and only best for her and her only. She wanted him to stay with her forever, she wanted to be accepted into the heavens with him. It was pleas, a pray to the lord, to never separate him from her.

Oh that grace

Oh That body

_Oh his face _

Makes me want to party

His my sun

He makes me shine

Like diamondsâ€|

Astrid shook her head as he held her closer and shushed her. Always good to her. "Astridâ€| pleaseâ€| I'm worried about you. What's wrong?"

"Nothingâ€|" She choked out before sobbing lightly into his bare, strong chest again. His fair tan was probably stained with her sticky tears, leaving a mark until the morning when he showers.

"If it was nothing, you wouldn't be crying."

_Will you still love me when I'm not longer _

_Young and beautiful? _

Will you still love me when I've got nothing

But my aching soul.

I know you will

I know you will

I know that you willâ€|

Will you still love me when I'm no longer beautiful?

_Will you still love me when I'm no longer beautiful? _

Astrid sniffled. "Will you still love me when I'm no longer young and beautiful?" She didn't even dare look at him. Hiccup on the other hand was taken aback. What could've possible arose such a problem? Did he not love her enough? Was he talking to too many other women? Was there something he was doing wrong? Hiccup couldn't find a probable solution at the moment and decided to settle it with a kiss. His lips were slow and sweet and stead against hers as he'd tilted her chin up and wiped her tears away.

Hiccup let it linger for a moment before pulling away. "You know I will."

_**Tell me what you thought please! Ugh... school tomorrow -.- I'll

update when I can! I still have more stories to work on though. Uhmmm
Review and stuff for more one shots. Suggestions? Comment below! Was
this rushed? Or was it good? I feel like it was pretty good for my
first ever song fic. Progressed as we went on. Yeah? I dunno, thats
just me. OH WELL I'M SHOOOO SLEEPY! UPDATES EVENTUALLY DON'T KILL ME
IF I'M LATE LUFF CHU GUYSSS ~AMMY**_

End
file.